D. Child

THE NEW ERA OF INDUSTRY.

DEVOTED TO THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR, LAND REFORM, WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNIONS, UNIVERSAL FREEDOM, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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MISCELLANY.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Mighty river, oh! mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever
Through the city so vast and old;
Through massive bridges—by domes and spires,
Crowned with the smoke of a myriad fires;
City of majesty, power and gold;
Thou lovest to float on thy waters dull
The white-winged fleets so beautiful,
And the lordly steamers speeding along,
Wind-defying, and swift and strong;
Thou bearest them all on thy motherly breast,
Laden with riches, at trade's behest—
Bounteous trade, whose wine and corn
Stock the garner and fill the horn,
Who gives us luxury, joy and pleasure,
Stintless, sumless, out of measure—
Thou art a rich and mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever.

Doleful river, oh! doleful river,
Pale on thy breast the moonbeams quiver,
Through the city so drear and cold—
City of sorrows hard to bear,
Of guilt, injustice and despair—
City of miseries untold;
Thou hidest below, in thy treacherous waters,
The death-cold forms of beauty's daughters;
The corses pale of the young and sad—
Of the old whom sorrow has goaded mad—
Mothers of babes that cannot know
The sires that left them to their wo—
Women forlorn, and men that run
The race of passion, and die undone—
Thou takest them all in thy careless wave,
Thou givest them all a ready grave;
Thou art a black and doleful river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever.

In ebb and flow for ever and ever—
So rolls the world, thou murky river,
So rolls the tide, above and below;
Above, the rower impels his boat;
Below, with the current the dead men float;
The waves may smile in the sunny glow,
While above, in the glitter, and pomp and glare,
The flags of the vessels flap the air;
But below, in the silent under-tide,
[illegible] that died
[illegible] waters vomit the wretch [illegible]
Above, the sound of the music swells, [illegible]lls;
From the passing ship, from the city b[illegible]eath,
From below there cometh a gurgling b[illegible]
As the desperate diver yields to death;
Above and below the waters go,
Bearing their burden of joy or wo;
Rolling along, thou mighty river,
In ebb and flow for ever and ever.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

THE WORK-GIRL.

Work!—what extremes in human life are suggested by this little monosyllable! What varied interpretations may be placed on this one short word! And how differently is it considered in each circle through which we might trace its universal application, from the light and elegant occupation of affluence, downwards to the toilsome drudgery of necessity! One picture gives us the fair and accomplished daughters of our *land* seated before their embroidery-frames, surrounded by colors as bright as the rainbow's hues—worsted, and silk, and golden threads, scattered in rich profusion, and with every accessory to interest and amuse; but before the leaf, or the flower, or the cunning device is half copied on the canvass, some anxious parent or careful friend will approach, and in tones of fond entreaty request they will lay it aside, lest the graceful figure should be injured, or the radiant eyes made dim, by work! And this, again, is the term to designate the employment that has hollowed the cheek and chilled the life-blood of the weary occupants of many a solitary garret, who, sighing, listen to the midnight chime, and think that even then they cannot lay it by to rest. Such are the extremes. Would that neither boundary was so strongly marked, and that a little habitual self-denial in the one instance, might afford means to lessen the privations of the other! When Lord Collingwood wrote home, enjoining his wife to inspire his daughters with "a contempt for vanity and embroidery," it might almost be imagined that the gallant admiral had a prophetic glimpse of the expenditure of time and money lavished by the present generation on this fascinating pursuit. But it is the abuse, not the use of any thing which renders it reprehensible; and we may remember it was a saying of the sagacious Dr. Johnson, that many a man might have escaped hanging, had he known how to hem a pocket-handkerchief. Let our fair countrywomen, then, enjoy this recreation as a recreation, not as an all-engrossing pursuit; and let us all, both men and women, feel thankful that the needle has provided an antidote against listlessness in one class, and a means of livelihood for another.

A lady was making some purchases in the [illegible] shop of a little sea-side village in the south of Ireland. As usual, it was a place where the most incongruous articles were collected, and accordingly, frequented by purchasers as different as there were varieties in the inhabitants of the village; besides which, on the weekly market-day, it was so crowded from morning till night by an influx of country customers, as to render it a matter of some difficulty to reach the counter. The lady, however, was a person of some importance, and way was made for her as soon as she appeared, while the obsequious shopman threw every thing else aside to attend to her commands. They were not very important; and having soon despatched them, she was waiting for the change of a note, when she became aware of a gentle pulling at the back of her dress, two or three times repeated, and so far different from the occasionally rude pressure of the crowd, as at last to attract her attention. She turned, and saw two young girls immediately behind her, both of whom colored deeply as she looked round: one, very small and delicate-looking, drew back timidly; but the other, a tall, handsome girl, raised her eyes ingenuously, though respectfully, to those of the lady, and in gentle accents apologized for the liberty they had taken. "But my sister, ma'am," added she, "is very sickly, and her only pleasure is in work; and when she saw the trimming on your dress, she thought it so pretty, that I could not help drawing it a little nearer for her to see."

Before she had concluded the sentence her companion had again glided forward, her dark eyes glistening, and slipping her hand into that of her courageous defender, added earnestly, "Forgive us *both*, ma'am." The lady, whom we shall call Mrs. Villars, much struck with the little scene, reassured them speedily with one of her own sweet smiles, and stooping down, unclasped her mantle, and showed them, to their hearts' content, the dress they had admired so much; then gathering up her little purchases, she returned their energetic gratitude and admiration with another smile, and left the shop.

Days passed away, and she saw the sisters no more; but they often returned to her thoughts, and, unblest by any similar tie, she would remember with a sigh the strong affection revealed by that little incident. In one moment it had told its own story—of fond protection on the one side, and grateful reliance on the other—as intelligibly as if the parties had been known for years; and she marveled that in a class where, from want of mental cultivation, externals must seem so important, such superior personal attractions as one sister enjoyed, should create no taint of vanity or of jealousy to sully their mutual love. But Mrs. Villars reasoned wrong. She had yet to learn that the heart teaches its own lesson—the most unsophisticated often the warmest; and that true affection is a sunbeam that blinds our eyes to the deficiencies of the beloved ones, while it casts a ray of tenfold brightness on every excellence they possess.

At last one morning, in an early walk more extended than usual, she came to a cluster of cottages near the shore, at some distance from the village. It was a pleasant, animated scene, and Mrs. Villars stopped to admire the eager groups collected round some boats returned from the night's fishing, and either making bargains for themselves, or congratulating their sons or husbands on their success. As she lingered, a young girl tripped lightly by with a basket on her arm; and even in that passing glance she could not mistake the bright eyes and glowing complexion of her late acquaintance. A look of recognition also beamed from those same eyes. Half hesitatingly she paused for an instant, and then with a modest curtsey was passing on, when Mrs. Villars accosted her, and with an inquiry for her sister, joined her on her way.

During their walk, she learned that Ellen and Mary Roche were sisters, their mother long since dead, and their father—"Wisha, he was just nothing at all." Mrs. Villars had lived long enough in Ireland to know that the smothered sigh which followed that hesitating sentence indicated a good-natured kind of idler, who smoked tobacco when he could get it, drank whiskey on the same terms, and was a burthen to the family it was his duty to support. But how eagerly the speaker turned from that unwelcome theme, to dwell on the perfections of her sister Ellen! And as she did so, the varying cheek, the eyes sometimes smiling, sometimes tearful, and the occasionally tremulous tones, spoke in her own favor as eloquently as if Ellen had been there in turn to tell the tale, and more than this we need not say. Ellen was the eldest, though she looked so small; but an early accident had made her lame, and checked her growth; and in those days of suffering she had learned to use her needle with such skill, as to enable her to contribute materially to their livelihood now. "She could never come with me, ma'am, when I went out to play with other girls, or follow me when I was clambering on the rocks, or picking shells on the shore; but she was always on the watch for me, as a mother looks for her child. I never found her missing from the door when I was coming home; and if, as sometimes happened, I forgot to be back in time, I saw the trouble in her pale cheeks and sad eyes, though she never said a word, so that made me careful not to wander any more. And she taught me to be tidy, ma'am; for I was very wild and careless, and would never have cared about tearing my clothes, only she always took and mended them, without ever noticing it; and she taught me to be gentle, and to curb my hasty spirit, for I saw her suffer pain and sorrow without murmur or complaint; and above all, ma'am," and here the tearful eyes filled entirely, "she taught me hope when my heart was sinking, and the power to bear when sorrow in earnest came"—

She stopped short, and drew her hand across her eyes; then looking archly into Mrs. Villars' face, who, deeply interested, was quite unprepared for the sudden transition, she added gaily, "Here I am all the time praising myself—tidy, gentle, and strong-hearted! Oh, lady, they are all but feathers from that sweet dove's wing!"

As she spoke, they approached a whitewashed cottage, poor, but neater than is usually seen. In place of the dunghill there was a narrow little strip of garden, paled off from the road, filled with gay flowers glowing brightly in the morning sun; and at the door, as Mary had just been telling, was Ellen, looking out for her with watchful habit of their early days. A few quick steps forward, a whispered word from Mary, and Ellen turned to the lady with a pleased smile of recognition, and invited her in to rest. She gladly accepted the invitation; and soon found herself seated in the clean and tidy, though poorly furnished dwelling. The only articles of superior comfort were a small work-table, placed near the window, and beside it a sort of easy-chair, made of straw, both evidently adapted to the occupation and infirmity of poor Ellen. Oh yes, we had nearly forgotten, the room was not quite unornamented either; for over the fire-place was arranged a large piece of coral, and some foreign shells, and near the window hung a cage in which was a bird with brilliant plumage, all telling plainly of some friend from over the sea.

Mrs. Villars had at this time the good fortune to escape an interview with the good-for-nothing father, and had the pleasure of talking, without interruption, to the two young girls, so different, and yet so united. This interview was succeeded by many others. Ellen was supplied with as much work as she could accomplish; and Mary, who, under her instructions, had also become very expert at the needle, would hasten with double diligence through her more active employments, that she might gain some time to share in the occupation of her sister. And sweet it was to see these two young creatures seated, with busy fingers, at their work on the quiet summer's eve; Ellen earnestly dwelling on some instructive lesson, while, with deferential gentleness, Mary would raise her loving eyes now and then, in silent assurance that the words were going home to her heart; or, in turn, those eyes would sparkle gaily, and a happy smile would brighten Ellen's graver face, as she listened to some passing jest or merry narrative from her light-hearted Mary? But were they thus alone? We reckon the father as nothing; for, with his hands in his pockets, he lounged in the sunshine while sunshine lasted, and then took his supper, and went off early to bed. He had his cottage and a little plot of ground rent free for his own life, and caring only for himself, considered any exertion for a future provision quite superfluous. Even so: the girls had another companion who would often, as Ellen would say, come in "to idle them" in the evening; sometimes to make them laugh and talk—sometimes to read while they worked—and oftener still, when the sun was sinking low, and the evening waves curling gently towards the shore, to coax them to "lay aside their stitchery," and saunter with him for half an hour along the cliff. Notwithstanding the difference in their station, Mrs. Villars was soon regarded as a friend by those two motherless girls, and each meeting increased the interest she felt in them. She had given them employment and encouragement, and, more welcome still, had on more than one occasion given them affectionate sympathy and advice; but still she observed that at times some cloud was hanging over them, heavier even than poverty, and she determined not to conclude her visit to the sea-side without, if possible, winning their entire confidence, and making some effort for their happiness.

One morning Ellen was alone in the cottage, when Mrs. Villars entered with a small parcel in her hand, and asked her gaily, "Well, Ellen, would you like to make your fortune at once?" Ellen returned her smile with one as gay; but in an instant the bright expression vanished, and clasping her hands tightly, while her delicate figure actually trembled with emotion, she answered earnestly, "Would I wish to make my fortune? Oh, lady, I would give all the work these poor hands can ever do while life is spared me, to make a fortune of ten guineas before another month goes by!" Then burying her quivering features in her hands, she sank back into the little chair from which she had just risen, and burst into tears. Mrs. Villars, amazed at an agitation so unlike the usual placid and collected demeanor of Ellen, sat down beside her, and sought to comfort and calm her with tones even kinder than her words. For a while all would not do; but at last Ellen raised her head, hurriedly wiped away her tears, and putting back her hair with her still trembling hands, in faltering accents asked pardon for her foolishness; then, gaining confidence with the effort, she related, even as friend would tell to friend, the sorrow that was weighing on her heart.

She told what a young and helpless creature Mary was when they were left even worse than orphans; how she, older by a few years, was still older from suffering and much inward thought; and how, from that hour, she had taken the little darling to her heart, and resolved to fill a mother's place to her through life. Then she told how the task was more difficult, because her beauty won indulgence from every one, and how she feared to lose her love in the checks she found it needful to impose. "But there was a deep mine of truth and sense in that seemingly thoughtless nature, and even in childish anger she never forgot that I was her best and truest friend—even then her chief care was not to grieve me; and you know, ma'am, how she loves me now," said Ellen, looking up with a glow of intense feeling; and reading her answer in the lady's eyes, she dropped her own as she softly murmured, "Yes, even as I love her!"

There was a moment's pause; and then in lighter tones Ellen went on to say, that even such love, perfect as it was, could not entirely satisfy a heart like Mary's; that she always knew the time must come when she should be contented with a sister's place; and instead of regret, felt proud and happy when she found that Mary's heart was gained by one who had loved her almost from childhood—the most dutiful son, the best conducted and most industrious *boy* in the place. "I rejoiced in their happiness, and I encouraged it," continued she, "little dreaming that I was building on the very sand. Garret Mahony was a sailor, and had been more than once abroad; but his father was grown old and infirm, and as he was the last of many children, he made him promise never to leave him again. So he had a good deal of idle time, except when out fishing, and those leisure hours were mostly spent in the company he loved best; while I, proud of my own sweet Mary, and seeing no one in the world to compare with her, never for one moment dreamt that any could look on her with other eyes. One evening Garret came in, and at the first glance I saw something was the matter. Happily, Mary was out—gone to carry home some work—and I was able to bear the first wild burst of sorrow alone. But there was anger too, as well as sorrow; and though I had to bid my heart be still, that I might quiet his, yet it was the bitterest hour of my life.

"He told me that his father that morning had questioned him as to all the time he latterly spent here, and that, glad of the opening, he had at once avowed his love for Mary, and tried to speak of her as she well deserved; that his father had listened quietly until he was done, and after he was done, and then at last asked coldly what she had, along with what she was? This was a question that never had occurred to Garret; but he well knew there could be but one answer, and so he told his father, adding, that Mary was more precious than money or land. But the old man smiled as some will do when they think young hearts have spoken in their folly, and he told his son the time would come when he would see with different eyes. Garret grew impatient, and was answering warmly, when his father silenced him, and, in a voice of command, desired him to attend. He is a proud and stern man, dear lady, old Maurice Mahony, and with a name for sense that has given him power over all that come within his shadow; so no wonder that his son listened with respect, though his heart was rebelling at every word. The father went on to say that he never knew any good come of marrying a girl that could bring nothing but herself, unless she met with one as badly off, and then they might pull on together; but as long as the husband had any income, the wife that never knew the value of money of her own would think there was no end to his, and would soon grow discontented when her wishes were refused. Then would come extravagance, then anger, then bitterness, then want; and no knowing how many more evils he would have added, only Garret's fiery countenance showed he could bear no further. He changed then so far as to say that this was not out of covetousness, for the day Garret married to please him, he would give him up his share in the hooker, and that was well worth twenty guineas; but that he expected his wife would bring at least as much again; and unless she did, they never should have his consent or blessing.

"Garret was cut to the heart. There was a show of reason in his father's words; but it was calculating, heartless reason; so, without pretending to answer it, he tried to touch his feelings; but all in vain. The old man was not to be shaken; and at last poor Garret, as he himself confessed, lost patience, temper, respect itself; and, in words which no child should have spoken, no parent could forgive, reproached his father with cruelty and covetousness, withdrew his promise of never leaving him, vowed to go to sea again, and, sink or swim, never to return till he could bring home an independence for himself and Mary. Oh, lady, those words are few and cold to convey the feelings that were poured like a torrent from his heart! All were mixed and struggling together—anger, disappointment, self-reproach, love for Mary, duty to his father; each feeling so true, and yet so opposing, my very heart bled for him, for her—for all. But before I could well picture the consequences, in came Mary herself, her sweet face glowing from her walk, and from pleasure at being home with me again. One glance, and Garret buried his face in his folded arms on the table; the smile and the color fled from Mary's cheek, and without even a look at me, she sprang forward, and grasping his shoulder, asked wildly what was the matter. I had thought to break this reverse to her myself, to spare him the telling, and her the hearing it from him; but, as I said, she came back before a plan was formed, and now there could be no disguise; his look had prepared her for the worst, and I saw by her terrified countenance that even the truth would be a relief.

"And so he told it all again; but this time, oh, how different! The presence of her he loved came like sweet dew upon his heart, and melted away all the fierce and stormy feelings which had made me doubly grieved. With touching, yet manly sorrow and repentance, he related his disappointment and his fault, and he told it to one whose generous nature fully felt his confidence, and lost the first sharp sting of grief in sympathy for the estrangement between the father and the son. She wept, without doubt, long and sadly; but her face was turned away, and she listened, without interrupting, from beginning to end. Then, when all was over, she raised her head; her face was very pale, and her lip trembled; but there was a light in her eyes, and a steadfast look, that made me remember the high, proud spirit of her childish days, and tremble for the words she was about to speak. I wronged her in that passing fear, even I that should have known her well. It was no pride, but a holy resolution that was shining in that earnest look. She laid her hand affectionately on Garret's arm, and in a very calm, low tone, asked him, 'Did the old man say any thing against *me*, Garret—against myself?' He gave her a look of surprise, almost of reproach, as he exclaimed, 'Oh, Mary!' It was enough. A faint smile rested on her lip as her heart told her Garret felt such a thought impossible; and, after a moment's pause, she continued, 'Then, Garret, our first thought must be of him. Go to him at once, and gain his pardon for that disrespect, and comfort his heart, even as you did mine, by the *goodness* of your sorrow. You will feel nothing but misery till you have his forgiveness; and think how he must be grieving now! Then, for the future, we are both very young, and may well wait, with trust in God and in each other, for the changes time may bring. Your father made no objection to me except for poverty, and as that is no real fault, who knows but he may change his mind?'

"Garret shook his head despondingly as he answered, 'Ah, Mary, you little know him; but I'll go at once and ask his forgiveness, for, as you truly say, I cannot have rest or peace until I do so. But as to remaining idle any longer at home, when gold is to be made, and happiness depends on it, it is out of the question, Mary! You must not ask me to do that.'

"'But indeed I do, Garret; that *is* what I ask of you. You gave a promise to your old father, and you must not leave him. God always grants his blessing to the dutiful son; and would I be the one to tempt you to disobedience, and so provoke his curse? No, Garret; it surely is not *we* that wish for money: all we want is your father's consent; and that would be farther off than ever if you were to desert him, and make him look on me as the cause.'

"Garret still remonstrated; but Mary's simple faith and sense of duty finally conquered so far as to gain his promise to wait one year; and then he declared impetuously, that if his father by that time had not changed his mind, he would no longer yield to his unreasonable whims.

[*Concluded next week.*]

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Johnson takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his master. "Why so?" "Because he's getting well so precious fast."

A pleasure party is forming in St. Louis, to visit the Rocky Mountains. The party intend starting about the 1st of June.

The Historian of Switzerland.—Not far from the river shore, on the slope of the hills which shut in the Valley of the Aar, stands, amongst other country houses, the villa of a man who, though a native German, has now for many years become by adoption a Swiss, and who is one of the very few who have not only entered thoroughly into the life, spirit and institutions of their adopted country, but have, by writing, speech and action, done brave battle in her cause, at numerous and trying emergencies. In that vine-covered house upon the hill, surrounded by its beautiful gardens, lives Heinrich Zschokke, whose numerous and well-known writings have excited so much sympathy and admiration in Germany as well as Switzerland. His Swiss History has been a valuable book for the people of Switzerland; and his Autobiography proves how much interest he took, and how various, active and useful were the parts he played at various times on the political arena. At present he lives in retirement at this villa, built with the receipts of his writings. In having attained through literature the means for such outlay, he does indeed stand alone among the greater number of German authors; but Zschokke's works are not of an ordinary kind, and some of them have brought him a rich remuneration; as, for example, his "History of the Bavarian People and their Princes." He is also now known as the author of the "Hours of Devotion," which, from its wide circulation, must considerably have improved his pecuniary circumstances. The tall and dignified old man, whose blue eyes still retain their lively and benevolent expression, received me with friendly hospitality into his family circle. He lives like a patriarch, surrounded by sons and grandsons; and, walking in his garden beneath the shadow of trees planted and reared by himself, he conversed with me of his former active life. Many of his sons are in the service of the State of Aargau; one of them is married to Zschokke's adopted daughter, the father of whom it was whose fate suggested to Zschokke his tale of "Alamontade, the Galley-Slave." This beautiful young woman, who, with her children, was on a visit at the house of Zschokke during my stay, added not a little to the charm of the aged patriarch's family circle. From the recent disturbances of Switzerland, Zschokke appears to have held himself entirely aloof, being naturally disinclined, at the age of seventy-six, to mingle again with the wild discord and fierce strife of political parties. His deep enthusiasm for the cause of the people, for which he formerly made such active exertions, remains unchanged; yet many of the warmest desires of modern times may excite in him no responsive emotion, and even in that for which he formerly labored so assiduously, he now works only in words, whose influence is incapable of producing much effect on the rapid course of political affairs. From this villa the old statesman, author, teacher and reformer, looks far out over the blooming valley of the Aar, stretching out before him like a garden; and little is it to be wondered at if he desires no change, living in peaceful enjoyment amid these lovely scenes, surrounded and blessed by his large and happy family, and seeing the canton of which he is a citizen, prosperous, enlightened and improving, and his own house the point of attraction for many a passing traveler, coming to offer his tribute of admiring veneration.—*Switzerland in* 1847.

John Donkey is far less an ass than many who make no pretensions. The following is entirely out of character in him.

The old fogies in a Dilemma.—Excessive indignation is entertained by all the old-fogy editors in the country—especially Pappy Gales of the Intelligencer—in regard to the outrageous conduct of M. de Lamartine in turning out to be a Fourierist, after they have all formally endorsed him as the unwavering friend of the *bourgeoisie*, and the darling interests of trade and commerce. We think the old fogies are right. M. de Lamartine should certainly be hung; and lest he escape this just punishment through the besotted ignorance of the French people, we move that he be lynched forthwith. Let him be first ducked, and then hung to the liberty tree in the *Champ du Mars*. Then let an inscription be attached to a conspicuous part of his pantaloons, with the following label:—"This is the way the Republican Old Fogies of America treat the Fourierists."

This is John Donkey's advice to the French.—*Chronotype.*

An imbecile fellow said the other day, "This Louis Blanc, member of the Provisional Government, President of the Commissioners of Labor, this almost beardless dictator, I knew him heretofore." "He has had his days of misfortune," interposed a workman. "Yes, yes; he dwelt in a sixth story." "True, Monsieur, and he has gone higher since."

"Jim," asked one little boy of another, on board of a down-east steamboat, "what do they ring that big bell so much for?"—"Oh, Sam," replied the urchin addressed, "that's to make the boat go faster. You see they want to make her go like smoke, when they come where the villages is."

To Dealers in Curiosities, Managers of Theatres, &c.—To be sold off cheaply, the former owners having no further use for them, a Lot of Excellent Second-hand Crowns, Thrones, and Sceptres, late the property of various Continental Monarchs. Curators of Museums would do well not to miss this opportunity of acquiring interesting mementos of a form of Government which seems now in process of being knocked off its last legs. Stage Managers in the habit of getting up Spectacles and Processions, will find the property a really admirable investment, including, as it does, an extensive assortment of old Court Robes, well adapted for the use of supernumeraries in the characters of Senators, Nobles, Statesmen, &c.

Write Legibly.—A clergyman in Massachusetts, more than a century ago, addressed a letter to the General Court on some subject of interest that was under discussion. The clerk read the letter, in which was this remarkable sentence:—"I address you not as magistrates, but as *Indian devils*." The clerk hesitated, and looked carefully, and said, "Yes, he addresses you as *Indian devils*." The wrath of the honorable body was aroused; they passed a vote of censure, and wrote to the reverend gentleman for an explanation, from which it appeared that he did not address them as magistrates, but as *individuals*.

One of our exchanges says, that a Yankee has invented a machine by which culprits can be hung with steam, and the sheriff may be saved the trouble of meddling with the business. He half swung himself to see how it would operate, and declares it "works beautiful."

THE NEW ERA OF INDUSTRY.

Every man should be guarantied a permanent home on the earth, the choice of industrial pursuits, the power to limit, at will, the hours of labor, an equivalent for what he produces, the best opportunities for education, and freedom in every thing.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1848.

IRELAND.

While France is the grand centre of European interest, from the nature of her Revolution, and of the great problem which she has undertaken to solve—that of organizing Industry—Ireland next, must make the strongest appeal to American sympathies, and more than any other foreign people upon the globe, claims our unstinted and cordial aid, in this her hour of peril and of hope. Ireland is on the edge of revolutionary battle. God grant that before she unsheath it, the cost may have been calculated, and the chances of triumph or defeat duly weighed.

We shall be among the last to counsel a resort to arms. But there may be a time when it is inevitable—sad, fearful, terrible, as it always is, there may be a time when it were wiser to choose war for a period, if freedom may be thereby obtained, than that eight millions of people should be politically and socially enslaved, and subjected to the direful havoc of indiscriminate famine and disease, through a long series of years, growing worse and worse to the very dregs of corrupting centuries.

The political freedom of nations and peoples has, thus far, been achieved only through the earthquake throes and volcanic fire of war. Ireland may have to pass this solemn and terrible ordeal. If so, who will not cherish her hopes and add sinews to her limbs, in the faith that these are the last days of revolutionary strife, and with the desire to speed them over lightly, with the smallest cost of labor and of life?

Surely no working man in this country can be indifferent to the tremendous interests at stake, among the laboring people of Ireland. The causes of their suffering are the same as ours. They differ only in their national forms, which may vary with every degree of latitude and longitude, but they are essentially one. The issue is, there as here, between the privileged and despised classes. Is there a moment of hesitation, as to where our sympathies shall tend? Humanity has its epochs of suffering, and also its years of jubilee. Ireland stands expectant of her joy. Shall she be disappointed? There is none but will say, seek it first by peaceful imploration. Ireland has done it long, but without avail. Is there any who does not now bid her *take* freedom if she can, even though the hungry pike glut itself voraciously, and death grin horrid, from a thousand gory mouths? Who will deny the martyr's meed to those who shall thus fall? But here is the dreadful peril. Can Ireland succeed by an armed revolution? If not, the attempt would be disastrous beyond measure, and far better would it be for the people of that ill-starred isle, to suffer yet twenty-five years, than be sunk in another century of despair. England cannot hold on its present course for another quarter of a century, if indeed it can five years longer. She will have too much trouble at home, to spend much time and means upon Ireland. Our most earnest hope is, that the Irish people will not act precipitately, but that they will bide their time, and establish an indissoluble union among themselves. But when the hour comes for them to strike, if strike they must, let Americans be swift to succor and support them. A baptism of blood is an awful sacrament, and if it may not pass from poor Ireland, may God help us to sustain her in the moment of her passion.

It is often said, that political revolutions are never worth to a people, what they cost; and that therefore Ireland would gain nothing, even though successful in such a contest. This is true regarding political reform as an end. Political liberty is valuable only as a means to establish social freedom; and equality of opportunities, according to capacity. But still it is a fact, that *political* does, and always must precede *social* emancipation. Political despotism must be first dissolved, in order that the people, by individual attraction, may crystalize into new and progressive social forms.

Whatever may be the fact with other nations, plainly the first necessity of the Irish people, is political independence of England. How is it possible for them to effect any other social transformation, than from *bad* to *worse*, so long as they are cursed by a Monopoly of the Soil, and a Non-Resident, Landed Aristocracy; and by a double Church tax. For though more than two thirds of the Irish are Catholics, they are compelled to pay a tithe of all they raise or make, to the Established Church; and then, in addition, support their own religion. These of themselves, are sufficient to breed lice and toads (poverty) in the most fertile land on the globe. Land Monopoly smites the soil with barrenness, and *taxation* leeches a people into a bloodless ghost.

What inducement is there under the existing law of tenant-rights, or of no-tenant-rights, to improve and enrich the land? To do so will only subject the occupant to greater burdens of taxation, or to being dispossessed by an overbidder. So that, while Irish people are suffering compulsory famine, Ireland itself is smitten with a growing incapacity of production.

But the climax of legislative solecism has at last been reached, by the infliction of a Pauper Tax upon the too patient Irish people. A nation of starving paupers, taxed for their own relief! By Heaven! on what is it levied? Their greasy, verminous rags? Oh, ingenious device, of the great British, Parliamentary *Soup Society!*

Where are these things to end? They can only end, in a Governmental interference which shall furnish ample means of relief. But the Government is here the oppressor. There is no alternative. Ireland must have her own Parliament or Legislature. But the British Minister says that shall never be, so long as he has a voice. Shall it come by force? We will not take the responsibility of answering so grave a question. But if the struggle does come, let not Americans be wanting to sustain the right. Let us hope, however, that methods of peaceful justice may yet happily triumph.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for May.]

HEIGH-HO!

A pretty young maiden sat on the grass,
  Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
And by a blithe young shepherd did pass,
  In the summer morning so early.
Said he, "My lass, will you go with me,
My cot to keep, and my bride to be,
Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,
  And I will love you rarely?"

"Oh! no, no, no!" the maiden said,
  Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
And bashfully turned aside her head,
  On that summer morning so early:
"My mother is old, my mother is frail,
Our cottage it lies in yon green dale,
I dare not list to any such tale,
  For I love my kind mother rarely."

The shepherd took her lily-white hand,
  Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
And on her beauty did gazing stand,
  On that summer morning so early.
"Thy mother I ask thee not to leave,
Alone in her frail old age to grieve,
But my home can hold us all, believe—
  Will that not please thee fairly?"

"Oh! no, no, no! I am all too young,
  Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
I dare not list to a young man's tongue,
  On a summer morning so early."
But the shepherd to gain her heart was bent;
Oft she strove to go, but she never went;
And at length she fondly blushed consent—
  Heaven blesses true lovers so fairly.

No Time to be Lost.—At the ensuing meeting of the Supreme Division, there should be an arrangement entered upon among the several Divisions, for sending an agent to the West, for the purpose of buying produce. A sum of not less than thirty thousand dollars might be saved to the Divisions by such a plan. Division No. 12 saved over four hundred dollars last autumn, after paying all expenses, on fifteen hundred dollars' worth of produce. If it will pay thus handsomely, to send an agent West to make the purchases for one small Division, it does not want half an eye to perceive the importance of union in the business. The saving which would be made on the single article of bacon, would pay all expenses three times over.

We know a gentleman, who has bought for his family use, hams of the best quality, for five cents a pound, while the ordinary retail price is twelve cents. Five cents was what they cost, delivered in Boston. Here then is a saving of seven dollars on a hundred pounds of bacon. Now allow each of the four thousand families to average five persons, and to consume one hundred pounds of hams a year, you will have an aggregate of four hundred thousand pounds. Saving seven cents a pound on the cost, gives you an aggregate profit of two thousand eight hundred dollars.

This same family receive their butter directly from the choicest of Vermont dairies, fresh, grass-made butter, at seventeen cents a pound, while the same quality of butter bought in Boston, would cost from twenty-five to twenty-eight cents a pound. Now if we assume for a basis of calculation, the same number of families as before, and allow to each family 150 pounds of butter a year, we shall have an aggregate saving of five thousand seven hundred dollars. But we have under-estimated purposely on all points, and yet you see an actual saving, on only two articles of consumption, of eight thousand five hundred dollars. When you take into the account other great staples, as beef, pork, cheese, flour, apples, dried apples, dried plums, peaches, &c., the saving will be more, rather than less than our estimate.

Six weeks or two months would be ample time for an agent to employ in effecting these purchases, and three hundred dollars would meet all his bills for traveling expenses and salary. Will not each Division instruct its delegates to the Supreme Division, in regard to this thing? If all the Divisions are not ready to unite in the scheme, let such as are, go ahead, and they will rejoice in the work. Of course there would be a great choice in men for this agency. The best man to be found in the ranks would be none too good. We want the man who has done the thing before, and who would therefore know what he was about. The results of such a union to you, would be far more important than those of a Whig or Democratic National Convention.

The Landmark.—It is with genuine pleasure that we welcome the sixth number of this excellent journal. It is the organ of the National Reform Association, but takes a liberal stand in relation to the general movements of the age. Its tone is excellent. It is edited with ability, by Mr. J. K. Ingalls, and is published in New York at $1 a year. It is more nearly allied to the New Era of Industry, in spirit and purpose, than any other paper in the country. We wish it a cheering success.

Pope Pius IX., it is said, is the last of St. Peter's line for whose statue, at the St. Peter's Church, in Rome, there is a vacant niche left; a striking, if not most ominous fact.

The Industrial Congress commenced its sessions in Philadelphia last week. This is, one of the most important and significant convocations of the entire year—perhaps we should say, the most so. It was with very strong regret that we were obliged to relinquish its attendance. The Working Men of New England have been either too shamefully ignorant, or too indifferent in regard to this great Convention. Where, and by what means, shall the laboring classes secure unity and strength of action throughout the country, if not by such a Convention? Here all interests may be represented; and the benefits of all modes of organization be discussed. We regard it as a positive shame, that not one of the sixty-two Divisions of the W. M. P. U. was represented in that body. What a glorious opportunity was here lost for urging the subject of Combined Trade before the representatives of the entire working classes of the United States. Certainly this occasion must never again be omitted. Here was opportunity for doing in a day, what will otherwise require years to accomplish. We are glad to hear that Gerrit Smith was unanimously nominated as the National Reform candidate for the Presidency.

Wages of the Laborer.—A distinguished writer puts forth the following theory on the subject of wages for labor:

"With regard to wages, it may sound strangely, yet I believe it to be true, that the real interest of farmers is that wages should be kept high, and for this reason: A laboring man is not a mere machine—a human poor-box into whose mouth is put daily a number of cents never to re-appear, but a living being with wants and desires, which he will not fail to gratify the moment he possesses the means. If he can earn only a scanty pittance, just enough to keep him alive, he starves on accordingly—his food, bread and water, a half-clad, wholly untaught animal, with a useless mouthful of carniverous teeth. But if his wages increase, he instantly employs them in comforts; in clothes for himself and family; and, as he rises in the scale, ventures on the taste of meat. He employs a tailor, a shoemaker, a hatter, a butcher; and these in turn, purchase the materials of trade from the farmer himself.

The laborer becomes thus a customer of himself, and the payer of the other customers—and the farmer receives back with abundant interest, the difference which he advances in the first instance between high wages and low wages. It is for this reason that one of our shrewdest farmers used to say, give our laborers good wages and they will buy our beef. Thus, too, the bounties of Providence go round a beneficent circle—and, after making the laborer better fed, better clad, better taught—in short, a better man, the farmer himself is richer for the very benefits he dispenses. Depend upon it, there is no surer sign of national prosperity, than high wages—and God grant that for many a long year it may be the lot of our countrymen, who subsist by the labor of their hands, to work well, to be paid well, and to live well."—*Boston Investigator.*

The preceding is not only true, but a great deal more is also true, in regard to high wages. It is not only true, that, as a general rule, consumption is in proportion to means, but that labor is in proportion to pay. We know this view is opposed to the generally received doctrine of economics, which enforces labor by starvation, and is another form of the theology, which makes man outwardly moral, from fear of burning brimstone. Man never puts forth his best effort from fear, but always from hope. But universal fact, and the entire history of civilization, proves that men are efficient as laborers, in proportion as they are well paid. It is generally admitted that one northern laborer will perform as much work, in a given time, as five southern slaves; and we all know that one Yankee laborer is as good as three of fresh importation from England or Ireland. But before one year shall have passed over the head of the foreigner, his whole action will have been quickened, by the stimulus of higher wages than he had been accustomed to receive at home; and the desire of obtaining the maximum of wages in this country, will have rendered him equal to the American laborer. The eternal law of Compensation holds every where her unmitigable sway; and the fool who disregards it will only burn his fingers—and so of nations of fools. Laborers are profitable, other things equal, as they are intelligent. Yet they cannot become so, even under our system of free schools, so long as wages are depressed.

The Southerner, published at Richmond, Va., and one of the ablest papers of the South, holds the following language in regard to the public opinion of Virginia touching Slavery:

"It is not generally known, yet it is nevertheless true, that two-thirds of the people of Virginia are open and undisguised advocates of ridding the State of slavery; and after the year 1850, when the census is taken, their views will be embodied in such form as to startle the South. We speak understandingly. We have, within the last two years, conversed with more than five hundred slave-holders in the State, and four hundred and fifty out of the five hundred expressed themselves ready to unite on any general plan to abolish slavery upon almost any terms. Abolition fanaticism at the North has not produced this, but the annexation of Texas and the acquisition of territory has done it. Virginia may be put down as no longer reliable on this question. When she goes, the District of Columbia is free territory; then Delaware and Maryland will also go, and North Carolina and Kentucky will follow suit. This will surround the extreme South with free States; and when that day comes, and it will not be very long, we would just as leave own a parcel of wild turkeys as so many slaves. We may continue this subject in our next; certainly we shall further consider it."

The *New York Globe* remarks, that though abolition fanaticism may not have brought about this state of public feeling, yet a calm discussion of slavery in the Free States has greatly contributed to produce it, not only in Virginia, but throughout the Southern States.

Regrets.—Some of our friends have expressed regrets that the size of our paper has been so much diminished. Others heartily rejoice in it; not that they would not be glad to have as generous proportions in this as any other paper, but because they would much prefer the *New Era* as it is, to its total extinction. The *New Era* is just the size of the old *Voice of Industry*. We attempted the experiment of enlarging the *Voice*, and found that it could not be sustained. We have no doubt the *Era* can and will be sustained. But it has been, and is still, our wish to enlarge the paper, as fast and far as our patronage will warrant. When we can number three thousand subscribers, we will restore the paper to its late proportions. We hope no one will refuse to subscribe for the *New Era of Industry*, from a feeling of dissatisfaction in this regard. The true way to ensure its enlargement is to augment its circulation, and every new subscriber aids in doing it. We are confident that both will be done, not less to our [illegible], than that of our friends. But we shall stick to our text, of not running in debt; and of paying for the "hasty plate of soup" which we m[illegible] eat while at work for the benefit of our read[illegible]. We should not only like to enlarge our [illegible]per, but to issue it *daily* if possible. These th[illegible]gs shall be done so soon as they can be mad[illegible] pay. Till then, the *New Era* as it is, will [illegible] better than no paper in the Working Men's [illegible]terest.

Since it is customary fo[illegible] editors to publish the good words which their [illegible]ethren may say in their favor, but which, h[illegible]fore, we have not done, we shall from tim[illegible] to time give such commendations from the [illegible]ss, as we deem deserved, and worthy the c[illegible]ideration of the public. We give this week, [illegible] following, from the *Boston Investigator* and t[illegible] *Essex Transcript*.

To Working Men.—T[illegible] "Voice of Industry."—This paper, dev[illegible]d to the interests of the Working Men and [illegible]hich has been suspended for a short time [illegible] consequence of want of support, has been [illegible]vived by Mr. John Orvis, and one number p[illegible]lished under the title of "*The New Era of I*[illegible]*ust*[illegible]." But whether it is to live and flouris[illegible] depends wholly on the working men thems[illegible], and to put their zeal and determination t[illegible] test, the Editor notifies them that the nex[illegible]mber will not be issued until he is certain [illegible] can venture upon it without becoming invol[illegible] in debt. We commend his caution and pru[illegible]ce, and hope for his own sake that he will [illegible]y keep to his text. We know, by bitter [illegible]rience, the mischievous effects of printing [illegible]ers on the credit system, and we are very g[illegible] therefore to see a man refuse to publish ex[illegible] for cash in hand.

Now, then, as Working Men know what *he* will do, they u[illegible]stand of course what *they* have got to do. I[illegible] intend, as usual, to support newspapers [illegible] care nothing for them but to obtain the[illegible]oney, they will neglect Mr. Orvis and let [illegible] enterprise fail, for it is notorious that more[illegible] half of the support of newspapers gener[illegible] comes directly from their pockets. But, on [illegible] other hand, if they are desirous of supporti[illegible] journal wholly devoted to their welfare, wh[illegible] editor is a man of decided ability, and who [illegible]s, being *one of their own class*, knows their [illegible]ation and has an honest fellow-feeling in [illegible] it better, they will give the "*New Era of* [illegible]*try*" a generous support, and thus begin th[illegible] establishment of a *new era* among th[illegible]emse[illegible] nine frien[illegible]ves, that of supporting the[illegible] a body, [illegible]s—a thing that the Working Me[illegible] have go[illegible] have never yet done, but which which [illegible] to do, before they are rid of the evi[illegible] [illegible] they complain.

[illegible] This is the whole story—we could say more if we preached a month; and we [illegible] by adding, that all who are disposed to assist permanently establishing the above paper, [illegible] requested to call or send to No. 3 Water stre[illegible] The "*New Era of Industry*" is of good si[illegible] handsomely printed, and is afforded at the lo[illegible] price of $1.50 per year—strictly in advance.—*Investigator.*

Certainly we need not repeat our anxiety [illegible] the success of this paper. Ours is incorporate[illegible] (not formally, legally and materially, but spirit[illegible]ually as yet) with it; and there is no paper so completely identified with the working man's interest.—*Essex Transcript.*

We shall only add this week, the following from the *Harbinger*, by which we cannot but feel flattered, coming as it does, from what is generally admitted to be the ablest, most original and powerful journal in America.

The New Era of Industry.—We recorded the discontinuance of the *Voice of Industry* with the most heart-felt regret, as it had proved itself a faithful and efficient friend of the laboring classes, and thoroughly instructed in the best means of procuring their emancipation from the monied feudalism of which they are too often the passive and uncomplaining victims. When the press of this country—with some honorable exceptions it is true, and more honorable by reason of their scarcity—is devoted to the [illegible] ests of commercial monopoly, the [illegible] competition, and the [illegible]ous evils of un[illegible] the miseries of our boasted civi[illegible] and deaf, it would seem that the masses of our fellow citizens who are virtually disfranchised in the existing order of society, would welcome an organ which pleaded their cause with such distinguished ability, as the journal just named. We trust that the appearance of this new paper, is a proof of a resolute determination on the part of those most interested, to give it an efficient support. We know that it will be worthy of their liberal patronage, and if it does not obtain it, we can only regret that our friends in scratching for the barley-corn should throw away the pearl. The Editor, Mr. John Orvis, has faithfully earned the high reputation which he enjoys among Social Reformers, not only as a powerful speaker on the problems of society, but as an acute reasoner, and an impressive popular writer. He certainly possesses uncommon skill and tact as a journalist for the masses, and no one can be acquainted with his labors in that sphere, without giving them his heartiest commendation.

A World's Peace Convention is to be held in Paris, some time during July. Elihu Burritt, now in London, and Henry Clapp, Jr., who sailed from New York last week, were chosen delegates by the League of Universal Brotherhood. This cannot but be a most important meeting, and must exert a benign influence upon the agitation in France.

The Treaty of Peace.
item of news for the last w
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Democracy, thy name is

The Liberty League,
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EUROPEAN

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has been convicted. Th
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letter to the Protestant
the *United Irishman*:
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THE TREATY OF PEACE.—The most interesting item of news for the last week, was that of Peace with Mexico. We are finally assured, that an end has been put to this ignominious war with a sister Republic. With what blushes of shame will not posterity read that history which records the unfading fact, that at the very time when all Europe was agitated with the birth-throes of the sentiments of *liberty, equality* and *fraternity*, the people of this Republic were waging a war for the extension of human slavery. But now that peace once more waves its white folds over our country, let us *rejoice;* although fields whitened with the bones of our slaughtered brothers, and thousands of aching hearts in two nations, sorrowfully hint to us, of profligacy and crimes yet to be *repented* of. May our people, of all parties, learn, that henceforth the "manifest destiny" of all nations, and of individuals, is *fraternity*, and co-operation in works of universal friendship.

THE WHIG NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The last die of the universal Whig Party is cast. The Party is at an end. They have elected their last President. They may elect General Taylor, but *not as a Whig.* To this poor end has politics come. One party chooses as its candidate, a man of unmitigated corruption and falseness:—the other, a man ignorant of his mother tongue; and both practiced in the work, and inspired with the love of human slaughter. Oh, Whiggery, thy name is Tariff-Mammon! Oh, Democracy, thy name is War and Gammon!

THE LIBERTY LEAGUE.—Yesterday the National Convention for the nomination of a Presidential candidate of this glorious political party, commenced its session in Buffalo. This is the only political party in the country, with which we have any very strong sympathy; and the only one which is worthy the support of the Working Men of this country. It is an eclectic party, which combines the good of all the others—and what is more, it is composed of men who have proved themselves *honest*, and *worthy* the support of all lovers of their country. They are sound on the subject of Land Reform, Slavery, Direct Taxation, and the rights of the working classes. Gerrit Smith will without doubt be the candidate. Who can hesitate, what working man at least, between such a man as Gerrit Smith on the one hand, and Generals Cass and Taylor on the other? We shall go for Gerrit Smith, and shall induce as many others as possible to do so, not as a member of a party, but because he represents more fully than any other man, those measures which we feel sure are the palladium of liberty and justice.

We do not by any means subscribe to the whole nineteen propositions of this party, but at the same time it presents more points of agreement than any one, or all of the other parties. 'Tis for this we shall vote for Gerrit Smith. This is the only party which, theoretically and practically, goes for liberty, equality, and fraternity, among all classes of men, and women too.

EUROPEAN AFFA

The news by the Acadia are hi [illegible] tant, but we have room for only the [illegible] mary digest of them.

IRELAND.—John Mitchell, who [illegible] on trial for sedition under the new Act of Parliament, has been convicted. There are nightly musters and demonstrations of the Confederate Clubs. They form in the most regular order in their club-rooms, and march thence to Mitchell's cell, give three hearty cheers for the prisoner,—form into line again, and march back to their rooms. Mr. Mitchell has addressed the following letter to the Protestant farmers of Ulster Co., in the *United Irishman:*

"For me I abide my fate joyfully, for I know that whatever betide me, my work is nearly done. Yes; Moral Force, and 'Patience and Perseverance,' are scattered to the wild winds of heaven. The music my countrymen now love best to hear, is the rattle of arms and the ring of the rifle. As I sit here in my lonely cell, I hear, just dying away, the measured tramp of 10,000 marching men—my gallant confederates, unarmed and silent, but with hearts like bended bow, waiting till the time comes. They have marched past my prison windows, to let me know they are 10,000 fighting men in Dublin—felons in heart and soul. I thank God for it. The game is a-foot at last. The liberty of Ireland may come sooner or later, by peaceful negotiation or bloody conflict, but it s sure; and wherever between the poles I may hance to be, I will hear the crash of the downall of the thrice accursed 'British Empire.'

JOHN MITCHELL."

FRANCE is like an agitated sea: Distrust, un isiness and boding apprehensions mingle with e whole life of this mercurial people. A thou nd reports of plotted *emutes*—of conflict be een the ultra and republican parties—that Pa will be given to the flames and to pillage, are oat, which nobody believes. The Executive mmittee have had talk of resigning, because y have not been relieved from attendance on sessions of the Assembly. The great Na al *Fete*, or Fete of Concord, as it is called, sed off with great eclat and good order. The eral principles of the Constitution have been ed to by the Committee. There is to be but Chamber, with triennial elections by univer suffrage. The Republic will have a Presi d to be elected every three years. The m stracy, including the judges of all courts, are o be elected by the people. The decree for e expulsion of the Royal Family, had not yet en passed.

A TRIA.—Vienna is in a state of fearful anarchy. The Emperor and Empress have run y. The Ministry is without power—the Na rds side with the mob, in the business ng houses and destroying the people. ut and order are at an end.

REMITTANCES.—We shall publish acknowledgments, from week to week, of all monies remitted to the *New Era of Industry.* Our acknowledgments this week, include all that we have received since resuming its publication:

Washington, D. C., C. Brainerd,	$1 00
Hartford, Ct., G. H. Fisher,	4 00
Waterbury, Ct., A. A.,	5 00
Boston, J. Botune,	5 00
Lowell, W. T. G. Pierce,	5 00
Portland, J. B. Johnson,	3 00
Andover, J. Hector,	7 00
Canton, W. M. P. U., Division No. 8,	20 00
Lynn, N. W. Brown,	2 00
	$52 00

☞ Our subscribers in Lowell have so diminished in numbers, as to make the expense of paying a carrier more than equal to the profit on the paper. Unless they should be considerably multiplied there, we shall be obliged to send the *Era* by mail—or have it left at some central depot. Members of the W. M. P. U. might have their papers sent to the Union Store. If we can get an efficient agent to canvass Lowell for subscribers, we shall be in hopes of obtaining a sufficient number to enable us to employ a carrier. The most liberal terms will be afforded to agents for the *New Era of Industry.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Lowell, W. F. Y.—Your favor was too late for this week. It shall be attended to next week—with thanks.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DIVISION NO. 37, W. M. P. U.

All persons are hereby forbidden to give credit or trust any Officer or Member of Division No. 37, South Andover, on account of said Division, as it will not hold itself responsible for debts thus contracted.

By order of the Division,
WM. H. FOSTER, *Cor. Sec.*
Andover, March 21, 1848. mar 31. 3t

DIVISION NO. 27, W. M. P. U.

It being an established rule of Division No. 27, (Andover) to do their business entirely on the cash system, they hereby give notice that the Division will not hold itself responsible for any debts contracted by any individual on account of said Division.

Jonas Lovering, *Pres't.*
Joseph Wakefield, *Sec'y.*
ANDOVER, March 22, 1848. mar31 3t

DIVISION NO. 11, W. M. P. U.

It being a rule and principle fully established asking or giving credit to *none*, therefore—All persons are forbidden to give credit to any agent or indivieual on account os said Division, as the above policy will be strictly adhered to. J. B. Fish, *Pres't.*

Jona. Weeks, *Rec. Sec'y.*
LOWELL, March 23, 1848. mar31 3t

DIVISION NO. 20, W. M. P. U.

In consequence of legal advice having been received touching the liabilties of Subordinate Divisions of the Union, Notice is hereby given, forbidding all persons giving credit on account of Division No. 20, as their business is transacted entirely for Cash.

C. H. de Rochement, *Pres't.*
Chas. F. Classen, *Sec'y.* 2t37

DIVISION NO. 15, W. M. P. U.

It being the established rule of Division No. 15 to do their business entirely on the *Cash* system, they hereby give Notice, That the Division will not hold itself responsible for any debts contracted by any person or persons on account of said Division.

J. B. Pierce, *Pres't.*
B. W. Dexter, *Sec'y.*
NORTH CHELMSFORD, April 3d, 1848. 6w39

It being the settled policy and established rule of the Working Men's Protective Union to buy and sell their goods for Cash only, asking no credit and giving none, All persons are forbidden to give credit to, or trust [illegible] account or in behalf of the Supreme Division [illegible] one sion of the Working Men's Protective Union [illegible] is authorized or permitted to contract any de [illegible] said Division.

JOHN TURNER, *Pres't* } Su. Div.
ALBERT J. WRIGHT, *Sec'y* } W. M. P. U.

WANTED, Two or three active and efficient Travelling Agents for *The New Era of Industry.* The *most liberal* encouragement will be given. Call and learn our terms, Office No. 3 Water Street (Office of Wright's Steam Press), Boston, Mass. Local Agents are also wanted in all parts of the United States.

THE BOSTON UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS hold a meeting every Wednesday evening, at their room, No. 30 Bromfield street. Persons interested in Social Reform and the Organization of Labor are invited to attend.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING preaches every Sunday afternoon at Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield Street. *Seats free.*

MARKET REPORTS.

BOSTON MARKET.—May 31.

[Reported for the Chronotype.]

Flour.—The market is quite firm for the better qualities, with a fair demand from the trade: Michigan $6 a $6.12, and Genesee, good common brands, $6.37 a $6.50, and fancy $6.75 a $7.25 per bbl. Grain—The market is decidedly better since the steamer's news; sales New Orleans yellow Corn 55 a 57c., weight; and Southern 58c., measure; white do. 52c.; North River Oats at 52c., and do. Rye 72 a 75c. per bu.

HOME PRODUCE MARKET.

[Reported for the Boston Path-Finder.]

PROVISIONS.			
Butter, lump, lb	20a25	Beef Tongue,	10a12
Butter, tub,	16a20	Lard, Boston tub,	8a8½
Cheese, new milk, lb	8a10	Lard, Western keg	7a7½
Eggs, doz,	14	Veal,	8a11
Beef, fresh, lb	6a12	Lamb, qr,	$1a$1.50
Beef, salted,	7a9	Calves, whole,	7a9
Beef, smoked,	10a12	Mutton,	8a12
Hogs, whole,	5½a6½	Chickens, pair,	62a$1.25
Pork, fresh,	8a11	Turkies, each,	$1a$1.50
Pork, salt,	8a10	Geese,	6a10
Hams, Boston,	9a10	Duck, pair,	62a$1.25
Hams, Western,	8	Pigeons, doz,	62a$1
FISH.			
Codfish, lb	3a4	Eels,	6a8
Haddock,	3a4	Pickerel,	10a12
Lobster,	5a6	Tongues and Sounds,	6a—
Salmon,	20a25	Mackerel, each,	8a12
Shad, each,	25	Perch, doz,	25
VEGETABLES			
Potatoes, bushel,	$1.12	Beans, bushel,	$1.50a$2
Potatoes, Sweet,	$1.50	Rhubarb, lb,	2
Turnips, bunch,	12	Spinach, pk,	12½
Squash, lb,	3a4	Radishes, bunch,	4a5
Onions, bunch,	3a6	Lettuce, head,	4a5
Beets, bushel,	75	Asparagus, bunch,	10a12
Peas, bushel,	$2	Cucumbers, each,	25a50
FRUIT.			
Apples, dried, lb,	6a8	Oranges, doz,	25a50
Apples, bushel,	$1a$1.50	Lemons,	25
Pine Apples, each,	25a50	Figs, lb,	10a20
Strawberries, box,	25a37	Cranberries,	$3
Gooseberries, qt,	8		

MARRIED,

In this city, June 6th, by Rev. Joseph H. Clinch, Mr. William P. Valentine, of Ashland, to Miss Caroline, daughter of Silas Warren, Esq., of Boston.

DIED,

In this city, June 9th, Mrs. Matilda D. Tilden, aged 67 years.

June 7th, Phineas Blair, Esq., aged 65.

DIRECTORY OF THE W. M. P. U.

SUPREME DIVISION. Meeting the first week in January, April July and October.
John Turner, *Pres't,*
Albert J. Wright, *Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 1, Boston. Meeting Wednesday evening, No. 5 Boylston Hall. Store in Warren St., Universalist church building.
H. Seaver, *Pres't.*
Charles C. Jones, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 2, Roxbury. Meeting Tuesday evening, Union Hall. Store in Warren St., near Washington.
T. S. Burrill, *Pres't.*
Edwin Litchfield, *Rec. Sec'y*

DIVISION No 3. South Boston. Meeting Thursday evening, corner of Fourth and C streets. Store in same building.
E. S. Williams, *Pres't.*
Geo. D. Howard, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 4, Lynn. Meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at Store on Union street.
Edward A. Holden, *Pres't.*
T. J. Pinkham, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No 5, Boston. Meeting Wednesday evening, No. 15 Merrimack street. Store at same place.
Henry A. Hobbs, *Pres't.*
S. H. Gooding, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 6, Manchester, N. H. Meeting Thursday evening, No. 2 Union building, Elm st. Store No 4 Methodist church building.
B. F. Bean, *Pres't.*
Charles W. Barker, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 7, Cabotville. Meeting 1st and 3d Thursday evening of each month, in room adjoining the Store, on Cabot st
William Barnes, *Pres't*
M. Pinney, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No 8, Canton. Meeting Monday evening at Store, corner of Washington and Boliver sts.
W. D. Hall, *Pres't.*
Robert Henderson, *Rec. Sec'y,*

DIVISION No 10, Nashua, N. H. Meeting Saturday evening, at Beasom's Temperance Hall, on Factory st.
Martin Crafts, *Pres't.*
E. Greenwood, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION. No. 11, Lowell. Meeting Saturday evening, Humanity Hall, Market st. Store in same building.
Joel Hale, *Pres't.*
A. Chamberlin, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 12, Worcester. Meeting Saturday evening in Hall over Store, No. 51 Main st.
Charles E. Staples, *Pres't.*
Charles H. Fitch, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 13, Holliston. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Store, basement room of E. H. Warren's shop.
John R. Goodwin, *Pres't.*
A. B. Warfield, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 14, Springfield. Meeting for business on the 1st and 3d Thursday evenings of each month; for discussion every Wednesday evening, in room attached to Store, Wilcox's building, near R. R. depot, on Main street.
William B. Hastings, *Pres't.*
Chauncy Sanderson, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 15, North Chelmsford. Meeting Monday evening, at Store on Merrimack st.
J. B. Pierce, *Pres't*
B. W. Dexter, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 16, Lowell. Meeting 1st and 3d Saturday evening of each month, Committee Room of St. Paul's Church, Hurd st. Store on South st.
F. Rodliff, *Pres't.*
O. Pierce, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 17, Lawrence. No Report.

DIVISION No. 18, Hopkinton. Meeting and Store, Haydn Row.
T. Leonard, *Pres't.*
Reuben Smith, *Rec Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 19, Stoneham. Meeting, Town Hall.
James W. Hurd, *Pres't.*
H. N. Wyeth, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 20. Boston. Meeting Tuesday evening in Suffolk Hall, corner of Canton and Suffolk st. Store on Suffolk st.
Chas. H. de Rochemont, *Pres't.*
Charles F. Classen, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 21, Cambridgeport. Meeting Friday evening, at Store, Hovey's Block, Main st.
Randall Taylor, *Pres't*
[illegible] *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 22, Charlestown. No report.

DIVISION No. 23, Sandwich. Meeting Monday evening, in Store-room, Town Hall building.
Francis Kern, *Pres't.*
James E. Ingraham, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 24, Salem. Meeting Wednesday evening, No. 56 Washington st. Store on same street.
Moses Eastman, *Pres't.*
Stephen Tuttle, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 25, Lynn. Meeting Wednesday and Saturday evenings, at Store, Chestnut st.
Shadrac Ramsdell, *Pres't.*
Samuel Collins, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 26, Winoski Falls, Vt. Meeting Saturday evening, at Store, on Barlow st.
Moses Marshall, *Pres't*
J. G. White, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 27, Andover, Frye village. Meeting Monday evening, at Store.
Jonas Lovering, *Pres't.*
James Hector, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION Mo. 28, Lynn. Meeting Monday and Thursday evenings, at Store, Chestnut st.
Wm. P. White, *Pres't.*
Thomas Collyer, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 29, Concord, N. H. Meeting Wednesday evening, Athenian Hall, Main st. Store on Main st., opposite Phœnix Hotel.
William Carr, *Pres't*
Cyrus Peabody, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 30, Lynn. Meeting and Store not reported.
William F. Parker, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 31, Woburn. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Wade's Hall. Store 80 rods north of Woburn centre.
Thomas Doliver, *Pres't*
J. W. Taylor, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 32, Bangor, Me. Store, No. 16 Central st.
John Stevens, *Pres't.*
Samuel Darling, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 33, Providence, R. I. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Store, No. 330 North Main st.
Welcome Angell, *Pres't.*
W. J. Waterman, *Rec. Sec'y*

DIVISION No. 34, East Boston. Meeting Tuesday evening. Store, south side of Maverick square.
Jesse Tuttle, *Pres't.*
William Thompson, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 35, Lynn. Meeting, 1st Monday evening of each month, at room over No. 57 South Common st. Store. No. 66 North Common st.
Aaron Lummus, *Pres't.*
Joseph M. Rowell, *Rec. Sec'y*

DIVISION No. 36, Randolph. Meeting Wednesday evening, at Store, in Silas Alden's Building.
E. A. Allen, *Pres't.*
Darius Payne, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 37, South Andover. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Rechabite Hall. Store on Main st., opposite Andover Bank.
Benjamin F. Wardwell, *Pres't.*
Oscar G. Ingalls, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 38, West Medway. Meeting Tuesday evening, in room adjoining Store.
A. C. Grant, *Pres't.*
E. G. Ware, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 39, East Stoughton. Meeting Tuesday evening, in Hall over the Store.
Charles A. French, *Pres't.*
James Humphrey, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 40, Roxbury. Meeting 2d and 4th Friday each month, at Union Hall. Store, cornor of Washington st. and Suffolk place.
Joseph B. Young, *Pres't.*
True Russell, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 41, Stoughton. Meeting Saturday evening, at Town Hall. Store at Stoughton Centre.
Jedediah Adams, *Pres't.*
James Capen, 2d, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 42, Worcester. Meeting Wednesday evening, at Store, Newton's Block, No. 3 Front st.
Calvin Newton, *Pres't.*
W. T. Hildrup, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 43 East Randolph, Mass.
Giddion Howard, *Pres't,*
Thomas West, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 44, Manchester, N. H.
James A Grigg, *Pres't,*
Lyman P. Batchelder, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION No. 45, Providence, R. I.
Jared W. Scovell, *Pres't,*
Alva M. Stetson, *Rec. Sec'y.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE ESSEX COUNTY FEMALE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY OFFICE, at No. 210 Merrimac Street, (King's Block.)

H. I. STONE, *Agent.*

TO THE W. M. P. U.

MERRIAM'S CHEMICAL OLIVE SOAP.

I HAVE received and shall continue to receive and keep constantly on hand a supply of this premium soap, which I warrant genuine, and can confidently recommend as being the best and cheapest article for family use that has ever been offered to the public.

It is superior to Castile, for stable-keeper's and manufacturer's use.

F. S. CABOT,
No. 29 India Street, Boston.

ALBERT. J. WRIGHT,
PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 3 Water St. Boston.

Books, Circulars, Handbills, &c., Printed quick and cheap. mar17tf

OPERATIONS ON TEETH.
PRICES REDUCED FIFTY PER CENT.,
AT
PATTEN & HINE'S
DENTAL SURGERY ROOMS,

No. 2 Albany Street, (opposite the United States Hotel) Boston.

Messrs Patten and Hine beg leave to inform the Public, that their Charges for Dental Operations, both surgical and mechanical, are full fifty per cent. less. than are exacted elsewhere, and they warrant every operation to be equal, if not superior, to those performed at double the cost.

Those in want of the services of a Dentist, will find it to their advantage to call as above.

REFERENCES.
Dr. Stevens, Dr. Jackson,
Dr. Davenport, Dr. Chapman,
Dr. Hawes, Dr. Wilson,
Dr. Jones.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. F. MORRILL

Is happy once more to make his annual acknowledgements to the public for the generous confidence heretofore reposed in him as a Physician, and for the unusual patronage he has received during the last twelve months. If pecuniary remuneration were the *only* reward to be received for administering relief to the afflicted and distressed invalid, there would be far less motive to practice the healing art—but fortunately for the bodily afflicted portion of humanity, this is not universally the case. To the accomplished and well-disposed physician, there is a deep, heart-felt satisfaction arising from the performance of deeds of healing human flesh, and relieving pain, which can never arise from mere acquirement. Yet while he acknowledges his satisfaction for past pecuniary favors, he has to acknowledge the still higher gratification that he has sufficient reason to believe that he has been the source from which has flown much relief to the distressed and declining invalid. Repeated written communications, as well as oral statements, continue to flow in from every section of our own country, and also from the Canadas, testifying to the efficacy and relieving properties of his medicines, whither they have often been sent after consultation by letters. He asks for no other *recommendation* than the consciousness of his affording relief to the thousands whose unfortunate want of a judicious education, and whose sad ignorance of the precious laws of their physical constitution, have so often plunged them into the depths of human suffering. Feeling, as he does, the importance and usefulness of his calling, with full confidence in the efficacy and salutary effects of his medicines, he would still say, come and I will relieve you.

"A WORD TO THE WISE," To those who have been treated medically by Dr. M, he deems it unnecessary to offer any word of *caution;* but to those who may know him not, and who are seeking relief from diseases of any name or nature, but particularly those of a secret or private character, he would say be cautious as to where you make your first call. When you are informed that Dr. Morrill is the only *advertizing* physician of any reputation in Lowell, you will no doubt govern yourselves accordingly. He would not make this assertion did he not know that his own community were aware of its *truth.* If those there are who can obtain a *professional* fame, irrespective of the means by which it is obtained, it may truly be said that such enjoyments are not to be envied; but for one

"Give me an HONEST fame, or give me none."

N. B. DR. MORRILL has moved his new office, from MIDDLESEX STREET, to MIDDLE STREET, on the spot heretofore known as No. 9, opposite the Post Office. His office hereafter will be known as No. 11 Middle st., opposite the Post Office, where he can be consulted as usual. His Female Monthly Drops and Pills, are a certain remedy for all Suppressions, Irregularities, &c. (and can be obtained either at his Office or at his residence on Middlesex st., near the New Depot.) A perfect cure warranted in all cases of veneral disease, and those of a delicate nature, and the strictest discretion observed. Office open at all hours of the day and evening.

P. S. DR. MORRILL has no connection with any advertizing Doctor, nor never had.

LOWELL, Jan. 1848. tf

WM. D. VINALL.

SURGEON DENTIST.

☞ Office 21 Central Street, ☜

Where he continues to perform all operations on the TEETH both for their beauty and their preservation. Particular attention paid to cleansing and filling carious teeth with gold or any approved substance now in use, and thereby arresting the progress of decay, and rendering them useful for many years.

MINERAL TEETH inserted on gold plate or pivot, from a single tooth to a whole set. These are inserted as circumstances may require. Another very important branch of Dental Science, consists in supplying upper sets of teeth on the principle of atmospheric pressure, without springs.

☞ Teeth cleansed, extracted, &c. Terms moderate. All operations warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

N. B. He would farther say, that the most agravated pain from decayed teeth, can in most cases be speedily relieved and the tooth saved

THE
WASHINGTON CITY, DI

G. BAILEY, EDITOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORR
EDITOR.

L. P. NOBLE, PUBLISHER.

The leading purpose of this journal is, the discussion of the question of Slavery, and the advocacy of the main principles of the Liberty Party. Due attention is given to Social and Political Questions of general importance; nor are the interests of a Pure Literature overlooked.

It aims to preserve a faithful record of important events; of inventions or discoveries affecting the progress of Society; of public documents of permanent value; and, during the sessions of Congress, to present such reports of its proceedings, as will convey a correct idea, not only of its action, but of its spirit and policy. The debates on the exciting subjects of Slavery and the Mexican War, expected to arise in the next Congress, will occupy a large share of its columns.

Arrangements have been made for extending and enriching its already valuable Department of Home and Foreign Correspondence.

It is printed on a mammoth sheet, of the finest quality, in the best style, at $2 a year, *payable in advance.*

The generous spirit in which the *Era* has been welcomed by the Public Press, and the very liberal patronage it has received during this, the first year of its existence, encourages us to hope for large accessions to our subscription list.

It is desirable that subscriptions be forwarded without delay, so that they may be entered before the approaching Congress.

All communications addressed to
L. P. MOBLE,
Publisher of the National Era, Washington, D. C.

NEW BOOKS.

A Collection of the Writings of Nathaniel P. Rogers Price $1.00.

Facts for the People, showing the relations of the United States to Slavery, embracing a History of the Mexican War, its origin and objects. Compiled from official and other authentic documents, by Loring Moody. Price, 20 cents.

The Church as it is; or the Forlorn Hope of Slavery, by Parker Pillsbury. Second Edition, revised and improved, 15 cents.

Unconstitutionality of Slavery, Part 1st and 2d, by Lysander Spooner, 50 cents.

Historical and Critical Lectures on the Bible, by John Prince, Pastor of 2d Universalist Church in Danvers, $1,00.

Water Cure Manual, by Joel Shew, M D., 50 cents.

For sale by BELA MARSH,
Oct8, 3mos. No. 25 CORNHILL, Boston.

JONATHAN LADD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Commissioner for the State of Vermont.
OFFICE—Spaulding's Building, (next North of the American House,) Central street, Lowell, Ms.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LIBRARY OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

This Periodical is established to promote the great cause of SOCIAL PROGRESS and HUMAN ELEVATION. The character of its discussions to this end will be two-fold—Doctrinal and Practical.

First, in the sphere of pure Doctrine, it will treat of, and endeavor to elucidate the *Philosophy of Science*, or what may properly be termed SOCIAL SCIENCE. This new Science comprehends *the Natural Laws and Principles of Social Organization*, a knowledge of which is essentially necessary to the realization of a wise and beneficent reform of Human Society, and to enlightened Progress. Under this head will also be considered the Nature of Man, his Passions and his Destiny.

Second, in the Practical sphere, the Library of Social Science will advocate *thorough measures of Reform*,—that is, organic reforms in our Political, Industrial and Social Institutions; which reforms imply an entire REORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY. The measures proposed, while profoundly radical, will, however, be truly conservative; not revolutionary and destructive, but pacific and constructive in their policy and principles, promoting the interests of all classes of society, and securing the universal elevation and happiness of mankind. A number of valuable practical and economical arrangements will be explained and recommended, which may be adopted in present society. The discussions of a practical nature will also embrace such questions as the Organization of Labor;—Free Trade;—Free Competition;—the extended application and monopoly of Machinery;—the Industrial Rights of Man;—the relations of Capital and Labor;—the *compound* Protection of Industry, or protection to the Laborer as well as the Capitalist;—the true theory of Property, and Division of Profits;—an equitable system of Commerce; and many other important social questions.

The Library of Social Science will be divided into two Departments. In one department the subjects before referred to will be presented a summary review of [illegible] and in it will also be agitated in France, Germany, England and [illegible] States, which are the principal theatres of the progressive movement of this age. The other department will be devoted to the publication in English of the works of CHARLES FOURIER.

The doctrines of Association have been before the American public for several years, through the writings and lectures of their advocates, but, except in a few partial translations, the writings of the great discoverer and founder of Social Science, have remained unknown. Consequently there is much misunderstanding, aggravated by the most flagrant falsification, of the character of Fourier's discoveries, and the value of his claims to consideration as Teacher, on the vital question of Social Reform:—a misunderstanding which, in many minds, has settled into a deep-rooted prejudice, distrust and aversion. It is therefore due to the public, and to Fourier himself, that a complete and faithful exposition of his doctrines should be made in his own words. The translations will be made with the utmost care, and will be accompanied with notes and explanations which will assist the comprehension of the more difficult parts of the doctrine.

The Library of Social Science addresses itself especially to those who are seeking for *positive principles* as guides in the solution of the great question of this age, the question of Social Progress and Human Improvement.

This Magazine will be published on the 15th of each month, and will be printed in large and handsome type, on fine paper. The first number will be issued in January, 1848.

Terms,—$2 per annum; $1, six months, payable in advance. Single copies twenty-five cents.

ALBERT BRISBANE and OSBORNE MACDANIEL, Editors, to whom all subscriptions are to be addressed at the office of the Magazine, No. 30 Ann street, New York.

GENERAL AGENTS.
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Boston,—Crosby & Nichols, 111 Washington street., Chronotype Office, 15 State street.
Providence,—P. W. Ferris.
Cincinnati,—John B. Russell.
Baltimore,—Howard Meeks.
Philadelphia,—Zeiber & Co

MUFFS. The LADIES are well aware that N. PACKARD, 90 Merrimack St., sold MUFFS and FURRS *one third cheaper* last season, than any one else in the city. I would give notice that I have the most splendid assortment of Muffs and Furs that were ever offered for sale in Lowell, and will sell them One-Third Cheaper than they can be found elsewhere.

P. S. Ladies from the Country, in pursuit of FURS, will do well to look for No. 90 Merrimack St. where they can buy Good Muffs for *One Dollar and Fifty cents* a piece. oct19

Lowell, Oct. 19, 1847.

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

WAGER & DATER'S air-tight Cooking Stoves, with a general assortment of both new and old Copper and Iron PUMPS, Soap Stones, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, &c. Cash paid for Rags, Copper, Brass, Rubber, Old Iron, &c. &c.

Setting and repairing Pumps, and all kinds of Job Work done at short notice, by

I. W. & D. BANGS.
2tf Opposite the Washington House, Lowell.

AMBROSE LAWRENCE.
DENTIST.
OFFICE, [established Oct. 1, 1839] No. 27 Merrimack st., second door east of the Museum—Lowell.

THE NEW ERA OF INDUSTRY.

[From the Dublin Nation.]

MORE DREAMS.

I have no joy but in thy smile—
  Save in thy frown, no pain.
Come to my side a little while,
  I'll never ask again
To see thee, and thy looks to bless—
  So hear thee, and thy words adore.
I never dreamed of more than this—
  I'll dream of this no more.

I know the idle tale I tell
  Will wake no echo in thy breast;
In thy heart's charmed circle well
  I know mine cannot rest;
But thou wert dear from earliest years,
  And dearer every day;
And love that's nursed in thought and tears,
  Cannot be wiled away.

If I could bid my heart be still,
  Of what avail were this?
'Twill never cost thine own a thrill
  Of anguish or of bliss;
'Twill follow thee through life and death,
  True guardian by thy side,
Yet never ask a single breath
  Of fondness for its guide.

Come to my side a little while—
  I'll never ask again;
My heart is sick for one sweet smile—
  Hearts should not plead in vain.
Ah! but thine eyes are filled with tears—
  They do not turn away;
Thy hand—thy hand—the love of years
  Has not been all astray.

MARY.

MEXICAN ARTS.

There are many interesting specimens of Mexican art and taste now being exhibited on St. Charles street, opposite to the Theatre, which our citizens will find worthy of being seen and examined. The saddle of Santa Anna, captured at Puebla, which cost originally $5000, is a gorgeous and magnificent piece of art, and displays in a strong light the great skill and taste of the Mexican mechanics. It would be in vain to attempt a description of it, so rich, various and beautiful are its texture and ornaments. It glitters with precious stones and is heavy with gold and silver. The pommel is a solid gold eagle's head, and the green velvet of the seat is relieved by the most tasteful and elegant gold and silver embroidery. The stirrups are of solid silver, washed with gold cord, and the front-piece is of gold, studded with brilliants and jewels of different hues. Throughout all the appurtenances there prevails the same luxuriance of ornament and of wealth. This saddle was taken at Puebla when Santa Anna was forced to make a precipitate retreat from that town. It was manufactured in that place. No wonder that Mexicans who ride such saddles as these are always in such a hurry to fly from our rough boys. The capture of a Mexican involves something more than a loss of his life or liberty—it involves a transfer of nearly all his worldly wealth, which usually consists in his ornaments and military equipments. An American soldier fights for his honor, his flag, the fame of his country. A Mexican fights for his diamond-hilted sword, his gold epauletts, his magnificent saddle and bedizened uniform.

Among other interesting curiosities exhibited is the gold cloth dress in which the infant of General Santa Anna, by his present wife, was christened. This was found in a [illegible]-shell box of dimin[illegible]sions and most ingeniously interlined with silver and gold. The same box contained a miniature silver trunk, intended no doubt to amuse the young Santa Anna. We could not suppress a sigh of sympathy and regret for the loss of a relic of so much value to the estimable mother of the little infant.

We saw, also, the silver and gold corded tassels of Santa Anna's bed, and many little toys and ornaments which formed a portion of his household gods. There are two specimens of the carving in virgin silver, of tortoise shell, of glass work, of hair plaiting, all made by the hands of the Indians of Mexico, which exhibit no less taste than skill. The Mexicans strongly resemble the Chinese in their skill and ingenuity in manufacturing delicate and ingenious articles. Their images, whether made of metal, sugar, stone, or even rags, are most delicately correct and beautiful. The lady of one of our most distinguished officers in Mexico, who resides in this city, has some of the rag images of the Mexicans, which are most extraordinary in their taste, perfection and beauty. They would be taken for wax-work if they were not far more correct than images in wax can be made. The dress, the expression of the face, the attitudes of the figures, which are in groups, are equal to the most finished paintings we have ever seen. We do not think there is any people in the world who can compare with the Mexicans in this department of art. The ancient Mexicans possessed great skill in carving and in the ornamental art, and the present generation has improved upon this, if upon no other quality of their predecessors. With experience, practice, science, and more familiar intercourse with the ingenious and civil nations of the world, there are strong reasons to believe that the native Mexicans are destined to become the Chinese of this continent, and to contribute largely by their skill and industry to the pleasure and enjoyment of the civilized world.—*New Orleans Delta.*

A **Provisional Government.**—A native of the Emerald Isle, the other day, on hearing of the Revolution in France, the flight of the king and his family, the triumph of the democracy, and the establishment by the people of a provisionary government, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, and is not that the thing that swate Ireland wants? A *provisionary* government forever! By the powers, the only government she now has is a *starvationary* one!"

Fun with the Telegraph.—The operator in Cleveland commences to communicate in Buffalo:

"Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, buz-z-z-z, tick, tick, buz-z, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick."

The Buffalo man reads:

"Mr. Williams' canal boat sunk with two hundred little pigs."

The operator in Buffalo replies: "Tick, tick, tick, buz-z-z, tick, tick, tick, buz-z-z, tick, tick, tick, tick." The other reads:

Buffalo. "Of course they lifted up their little voices and squealed."

Cleveland. Tick, tick, "there must be some mistake."

Buffalo. Tick, tick, "you wrote *little* pigs."

Cleveland. A rapid tick, tick, "I wrote leaden pigs."

Buffalo. "No, you didn't write leaden; you should have written pigs of lead."

Cleveland. (A hurried tick, tick.) "I won't permit any leaden head like you, to teach me, sir."

Buffalo. (Slow strong tick.) "Oh, you won't, eh? If I had that empty head of yours, near my knuckles, I would make the dull comprehension which occupies it, think more of me was lead than my head."

Cleveland. (Rapid ticking.) "I consider that personal."

Buffalo. "Ha, ha! do you? what then?"

At that moment a thunder storm breaks near Buffalo, and the fluid visits the office, stirring things up with the full force of the simon pure, unadulterated article; the Buffalo operator starts from his seat amazed. "Well, hang the fellow," says he, "who would have thought of his getting angry?"

Cleveland. (Tick, tick, tick.) "That battery of yours must have been very highly charged, for you have knocked me off my chair."

Buffalo. (Tick, tick.) "And so you favored me with a lick back, eh? Look out—a message"—and on goes this wonderful invention *ticking* its intelligence from point to point with a speed which makes former fables appear like prophecy.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

A **Pleasant Valediction.**—Before the Bishop of New Zealand departed, Sidney Smith, in taking leave, affected to impress upon his friend the dangers of his mission. "You will find," he said, "in preaching to cannibals, that their attention, instead of being occupied by the spirit, will be concentrated on the *flesh*; for I am told that they never breakfast without a cold missionary on the sideboard." In shaking hands with the new prelate as he was leaving the house, the reverend wit added, "Good bye. We shall never meet again; but let us hope that you will thoroughly disagree with the savage who eats you."

Revolutionary Incident.—Here is an anecdote of the Berlin Revolution:

On the evening of the 18th ult., a body of the citizens who were engaged in constructing a barricade, broke into a house in the Oranienburg-strasse. They penetrated to the first floor, and forcing open a glass door found themselves in the presence of a venerable old man with long white hair. One of the mob inquired who he was? The old man answered, "My name is Humboldt!" "How? are you the celebrated Humboldt?" The old man replied, "I am Alexander Von Humboldt." Instantly every hat and cap was doffed—the mob made many protestations of regret at having inconvenienced their illustrious countryman, and placed at the door of the house an honorary guard of citizens.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Transient Board, $1,25 per day.
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IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

THE SUBSCRIBER,) No 65, corner of Merrimack and John st., (is weekly receiving from importers, both in New York and Boston, a new and beautiful assortment of Millinery Goods, as ever were offered in this city, and as cheap as can be found any where else

J. T. ADAMS.

Lowell, Sept. 28, 1846. n25

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken the

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.
(Formerly kept by A. W. Rockwood, Esq.,)
CORNER OF BEACH STREET AND HARRISON AVENUE,

and is prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders. The location is one of the most pleasant and convenient in the city; it is in the immediate vicinity of the the Boston and Worcester, and Western Railroad Depots, and but a short distance from the Boston and Providence and Old Colony Depots.

About twenty rooms have recently been added to the house, and newly furnished, and the whole thoroughly repaired. The construction of the house is such, and his acquaintance with the markets so extensive, that he is enabled to accommodate Boarders at unusually low prices, and every effort will be made to render it a neat, quiet, and desirable resting place for the traveller.

aug16 H. HAMLIN.

BOOT, SHOE, AND CLOTHING WARE HOUSE,
No. 2 Jackson Street, Jennis Block.
WILLARD RUSSELL & WILLIAM HAYWARD.
Dealers in

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and clothing of all descriptions. Also, Umbrellas, Parasolettes, and Parasols.

Lawrence, Sept. 10, 1847.

INTERESTING TO MECHANICS,

The cheapest and best scientific paper in the United States, is the new paper entitled the

"SCIENTIFIC MECHANIC,"
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Published by Rufus Porter, (formerly editor and publisher of the "New York Mechanic," and the "Scientific American,") at the Sun Buildings, No 128 Fulton Street, New York.

Each number of this paper contains from THREE to FIVE ENGRAVINGS, most of them ORIGINAL and WELL EXECUTED, illustrative of NEW INVENTIONS, SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, ELEGANT DESIGNS, and NATURAL CURIOSITIES—also general notices of the progress of MECHANICAL and other SCIENTIFIC IMPROVEMENTS—AMERICAN and FOREIGN INVENTIONS—catalogues of AMERICAN PATENTS—original SCIENTIFIC ESSAYS, illustrating the sciences of MECHANICS, CHEMISTRY, ELECTRO-MAGNETISM and MAGNETO-ELECTRICITY:—CURIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS, and valuable instruction in various ARTS and TRADES,—notices of the most interesting passing events, religious intelligence, Poetry, &c. This paper is especially entitled to the patronage of mechanics and manufacturers; and farmers will derive much advantage from its instruction in various mechanical trades. As a family newspaper, it will convey more useful intelligence to children and young people than five times its cost in school instruction; and on the principle of economy, it may be argued that every copy, if well preserved, will command more than the original cost, at the end of the year. Published weekly for *one dollar* per annum per single copy; five copies to one address for four dollars.

THE HARBINGER.
PROSPECTUS OF THE *SIXTH VOLUME.*

In presenting to the public the Sixth Volume of the Harbinger, the Editors would give a brief statement of its proposed character and aims.

The Harbinger, from its commencement, has been the advocate of a Social Reform, which shall embrace, reconcile, and do justice to the various interests that are essential to the true life of Humanity,—which, in maintaining the rights of Labor, shall not overlook the legitimate claims of Capital,—which seeks to combine the elevation of the working classes, by the introduction of a natural, efficient, and attractive system of industry, with the widest development of Art and universal, spiritual culture,—and which shall destroy the fruitful sources of antagonism, oppression, and inhumanity which now exist in the relations of men, by the establishment of such organic arrangements as will necessarily produce a comprehensive and harmonious unity.

The principles of Social Science, discovered and illustrated by the immortal genius of Charles Fourier, have always occupied a conspicuous place in the expositions of the Harbinger, and will continue to be set forth and maintained, with the earnestness which their vast importance demands, but without intemperate zeal or sectarian exclusiveness.

The Harbinger will discuss all questions relating to the progress of society, the past history of the race, the present aspects of civilization, the great humanitary reforms of the day, and the political movements of Europe and America, in the light of Associative Science; but with a sincere and fraternal recognition of all elements of truth, goodness and beauty, in whatever institution or doctrine it may be called on to consider.

In conducting the Harbinger, for the future, the Editors intend to relieve it of the abstract character which to a certain degree it has hitherto borne, and to give a much larger space to General Topics, to the News of the Day, and to comments on Passing Events. They are in possession of great facilities for presenting copious and authentic summaries of domestic and foreign intelligence, which they will not fail to use with all their industry and vigilence. While they maintain an independent position with regard to our leading political parties, they do not mean to abstain from the freest criticism of their movements. Great attention will be paid to the selections, which must compose no small portion of every well-conducted weekly newspaper, so that the readers of the Harbinger will always find in its columns an entertaining, instructive and varied miscellany, in addition to the topics which give it its distinctive character.

In short, the Editors design to spare no pains to make the Harbinger an attractive and valuable Journal to all classes of readers,—to give it access to circles beyond the sphere of its immediate sympathies,—and to command the approval of the public and an extensive circulation, by the various interest of its contents, and the energy and zeal which are devoted to its management.

The present volume of the Harbinger appears in a greatly improved form, and with one half more matter than has heretofore been given. No expense has been spared to make it in all respects worthy of the position at which it aims. It is furnished to subscribers at the same low price which has made it one of the cheapest papers in this country; and in this respect, under the present arrangements, it is probably not surpassed by any weekly journal.

The Editors rely for the liberal support of their enterprise on all the old friends to whom the Harbinger has become as necessary as their daily bread, and on any new ones who now form an acquaintance with it for the first time.

We request our friends, and the friends of a free and independent press, every where to promote the circulation of our paper. Give the Harbinger a fair trial and if it does not perform more than it promises, we will not complain of desertion or neglect.

The Harbinger is published every Saturday Morning, at No. 9 Spruce St., New York, and at 111 Washington St., Boston.

It is edited by Parke Godwin, New York, assisted by Charles A. Dana and George Ripley, in New York, and by William H. Channing and John S. Dwight, in Boston.

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July24 tf

WALTER BURNHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
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MEDICATED
VAPOR BATH ESTABLISHMENT,
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July 18—1

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TRUSS MANUFACTORY,
Boston, Massachusetts.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various approved TRUSSES, at his old stand, No 305 Washington St., opposite No. 264, entrance to Temple Avenue. Also, Abdominal Supporters, for Prolapsus Uteri. Trusses for Prolapsus Ani, Suspensory Bags, Knee Caps, Back Boards, Steeled shoes for deformed feet. Trusses repaired at one hours' notice, and made to answer oftentimes as well as new. The subscriber having worn a Truss himself 25 years, and fitted so many for the last 10 years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases.

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JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.

TESTIMONIALS.

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It is well known to all who have occasion to wear Trusses, that their great excellence consists in the adaptation to the body, at the same time relieving the patient. Any ordinary mechanic may make a truss, but none but a skilful practitioner can apply it in such a manner as effectually to relieve and oftentimes radically cure the compiant.

Our experience has convinced us that Mr. Foster has thoroughly attained this knowledge. The certificates of Dr. J. C. Warren and other eminent surgeons, which he has shown us, fully sustam the opinion we here express.

David Dodge,	aged 75	Sam. Payson,	aged 75
Newhall Martin,	" 78	Sam. Etheridge,	" 53
James R. Turner,	" 40	Arnold Southwick	" 48
John Lock,	" 66	Uriah Tufts,	" 75

Charlestown, March, 1847. July16—1

REMOVAL.

L. GIRARDIN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FORMERLY OF PARIS,

STILL continues to practice with as much success and even more than ever. Those wishing a speedy Cure, without extravagant Charges, will find it to their advantage to call at his office,

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Dr. L. G. has for the last ten years, paid particular attention to the treatment of the following Diseases, viz: Pulmonary Consumption, Lameness, Spine and Hip Complaint, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Sore Legs, White Swelling, Cancer, Dropsey, Asthma, Diseases of the Skin, Chronic Diseases, and all kinds of deformity treated by him without the use the knife or mineral medicines. Charges moderate. In all cases communications must be Post Paid.

N. B. Dr. L. G. has no connection with any other office, and his medicines can only be obtained as above.

aug8

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To those who have never been Dr. Hewett's patients, and have not, therefore, experienced his kind an generous treatment, he will say, that no man was ever slandered professionally, as Dr. H. is, unless [illegible] quired great fa[illegible] and profit through his unrivalled success[illegible] therefore reduced the amount of dollars [illegible] formerly received by his slanderers, which [illegible] ces their and their friends' jealousy. Dr. Hewett practices in diseased and deformed Spines, Rheumatism, Paralytic Affections, Scrofula, White Swellings, and diseases of the joints and muscles, and Bone setting.

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Boston, Aug. 7, 1847. aug8.

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The Bathing House is constructed with two entire sets of Baths, each consisting of Plunge, Shower, Douche, Hose, Fountain, Eye, Spray, Flowing, Cold or Warm; and so arranged as to be comfortable, inviting, and easy of access, by invalids, at all times, from each wing of the house, one of which is occupied by gentlemen, the other by ladies. The house is so warmed as to render it perfectly comfortable, even in the coldest weather.

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TERMS, for board and treatment, in this establishment, will vary from Six to Ten Dollars per week, according to the rooms occupied.

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DR. R. DARRAH, Proprietor.
H FOSTER, M. D., Physician. 3m nov26

TO THE LADIES.

MRS. GIRARDIN, French Female Physician, respectfully informs the Ladies that she has removed to No. 244 Washington St. up stairs, where she continues to attend to Ladies in all kinds of diseases peculiar to females, but particularly Humors, Scrofula, Hip, and Spinal diseases, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Cancers, and Ulcers. Mrs. G. is very successful in children's complaints. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Boston, Aug. 7, 1847. aug8.

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY CHRONOTYPE.

EDITED BY ELIZUR WRIGHT.

PUBLISHED BY WHITE, POTTER & WRIGHT,
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It also gives the news from all parts of the country in the most condensed and intelligible style.

ITS EXCHANGE LIST is already very large—so large that it will be increased only on condition that the paper requesting the exchange will keep the above Prospectus standing in its columns.

Any country paper which will keep the above in its columns, and furnish us with the most important news of its vicinity, by slip or otherwise, in advance of its regular publication, shall be supplied with the Daily Chronotype, in exchange for its weekly, and have our best thanks and due credit to boot.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1847.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.
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OBJECTS.

The Objects of the People's Journal may be summed up into one word—PROGRESS.

Progress in Social Science, and especially in those departments of Social Science, which must ultimately secure to every human being the primary conditions of bodily and mental health and development—namely, a sufficiency of excellent Food and Clothing,—well warmed, well ventilated, well drained, well lighted, and cheerful Homes—Baths, Gardens and Parks—Amusements,—Leisure, Books and Schools.

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Progress, in a word, in all that can make man happy and noble, and bring him into a more intimate communion with the Being in whose image he is made.

MEANS.

In carrying out these objects, the Projector and Editor of the People's Journal seeks the aid of the enlightened and benevolent of all classes, sects, and parties. Agreeing to differ where difference must exist, how many and how mighty are the questions on which all may co-operate for the common good!

Crosby and Nichols, 111 Washington St., Boston, Publishing Agents for New England.

PROSPECTUS OF
THE NEW [illegible] INDUSTRY,
ORGAN OF THE PEOPLE.
[illegible] *the Elevation and Improvement of the* [illegible] *Classes and the Final and Permanent* [illegible]*tion of Labor from its present suicidal,* [illegible] *and depressive Tendencies.*

[illegible]ence of a deep felt regard for the present [illegible]ell-being of our fellow laborers, and rely[illegible]e support of the friends of Industrial and Social Reform, throughout the country, the undersigned propose to assume the publication of *The New Era of Industry.*

The paper is to be conducted as heretofore upon strictly *Independent Principles*, opposing all prominent evils, social political or ecclesiastical, with that spirit which knows no fear or favor while in the path of duty, and advocating all cardinal truths with perseverance and sincerity of purpose.

In our labors we ask and expect the co-operation and sympathy of the true friends to the Race—the honest Philosopher and Statesman, the untrammeled and devoted Teacher, the hardy Farmer, the Mechanic and Artizan—and last, but not least, the toiling Operative at the Loom or Spindle.

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Twenty " " "

N. B. To ensure the advantages extended above to clubs, the whole number must begin at the same time, and all be sent to one address, without the names being written on the papers.

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Advertisements of a useful and proper character inserted on reasonable terms. JOHN ORVI

Boston, June 2, 1847.

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Lynn, N. W. Brown.
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